

22b. Secourez-moi

Poem by Clément Marot

Pierre Attaignant

5

Se- cou- rez- moi, ma da- me, par a- mour, ou
 Si par ay- mer, et souf- frir nuictz et jours, l'a-
 Vos- tre ri- guer me fait plu- siers des- tours, quand

G Lute

10

au- tre- ment, ou au- tre ment le cuer s'en va mour- rir.
 my des- sert, l'a- my des- sert ce qu'il vient re- que- rir,
 au pre- mier, quand au pre- mier je vous vins re- que- rir:

15

Au- tre que vous ne peut don- ner se- cours à
 Dic- tes, pour- quoy fai- tes si longs se- jours a
 Mais Bel Ac- cueil m'a fait d'as- sez bon tours, et

18

mon las cuer, à mon las cuer le- quel s'en va mour-
 me don- ner, a me don- ner ce que tant veulx che-
 me lais- sant, et me lais- sant maint bai- ser con- que-

Save me, my lady by your love,
for otherwise death will come to get me.

No one but you can give life
to my poor heart, which is about to die.

Alas! Please come to rescue the one
who is living in great misery because of you,
for you are the Mistress of his heart.

If through love and suffering night and day,
the Beloved gets what he came looking for,
then tell me: why do you take so long to give me
what I so much want to cherish ?

Oh, precious flower, will you let
your servant perish for lack of joy?

I don't believe you can possibly be so harsh.

Your prudishness has required several detours,
since I first came searching for you;
But your 'Welcome' showed me plenty of good tricks
and let me win many a kiss.

Unfortunately, instead of healing me,
your kisses fan the burning fire that oppresses me:
Enjoyment is the proper and effective medicine.